The Iron Brigade

A STORY OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC

By GEN. CHARLES KING

Author of "Norman Holt," "The Colonel's Daughter," "Fort Frayne," Etc.

CHAPTER XX.—CONTINUED.

Dr. Chilton, to whom he had written on almost any provocation and who had gratefully and promptly answered his Sharpsburg missive, giving young Pelham's message, now wrote not at all. "He seems sad and brooding," said Jack, in the one letter that young gentleman had managed to send through since his incarceration. Jack was well enough to resume duty and most eager for exchange, but negotiations hung fire unaccountably, so said he, and Benton thought he knew the reason why. Lounsberry had been back again in Richmond over six weeks now, exchanged and restored to his old and influential post in the war department. Lounsberry could be counted on to lose no chance to injure the Chiltons, father or son, and so long as it was possible he would block all plan to exchange Jack Chilton, thereby lending color to the stories spread about in Virginia that poor Jack rather tried to be caught and to stay caught, such hard fighting as his fellow Virginians had to do being little to his taste. It would have burned his heart out with fury had he known it, but few of us begin to realize the half of what is whispered to our detriment, else there would be deportation of sensitive souls or deserved destruction in the army of detractors. Jack was nearly mad with misery when told of Stuart's impudent dash at Chambersburg and the second circling of the Army of the Potomac. He was then just beginning to stump around quite comfortably. Elinor and the squire had returned to the west, the former with red-rimmed eyes and pallid cheeks. No one knew how she had sorrowed over the sad news about Ladue. It was that, though, that seemed to break the ice of Rosalie's reserve, for now, for the first time, the Virginia girl read the secret of her Wisconsin would-be friend, and melted to her instantly. It was that, though they rarely spoke his name, that led to the letters now passing frequently between them. It was through that correspondence the sisterhood began that, despite trial and trouble, proved eventually so sure an alliance in time of need.

But though Elinor wrote in many a page of her brother, and in only a few referred to Paul—and then only as "he" or "him"—Rosalie would write only of the latter. Ordinarily this would have led to resentment and a breach. Now it did not, for what Rosalie had to say was stirring new hope into the somber current of the western girl's monotonous life. Rosalie had amazed and rejoiced her, about the end of October, by the assurance that she believed Capt. Lamar to be totally mistaken. It was true, she admitted, that Paul Ladue had not been seen with Ewell's division, but neither had Ewell, as yet—for the latter had not become accustomed to a cork leg—yet she had tidings from "friends"—who, she would not say—that Paul Ladue was still alive when borne from the awful front of Gibbon's guns, then belching canister in double rounds. "More dead than alive he looked," said her informant, but while she had no tidings of his present whereabouts, neither was there any record of his death.

All this was presently sent to Fred on the Rappahannock, and made him the more eager to communicate with some one across that modern Rubicon—some one who could speak advisedly. But though there were places near the fords up stream where the cavalry vedettes sat long hours in saddle, facing, and often within hailing distance of each other, the orders against communication of any kind had become exacting, for it was evident that Burnside was marshaling his grand divisions for a move.

In the early summer time, when he hated to leave the front and longed to push on to Richmond or Charlottesville, Benton had been summoned to Washington. Now, when he longed to go to Washington, there was prospect of a midwinter dash across the Rappahannock. News of the Chiltons was sorely disquieting. Rosalie would not write. Jack, in prison camp, could not, except to kindred, and the doctor evidently shrank from writing. It was a winter of courts-martial at the capital, and several such tribunals were in session, trying officers of various grades. Many new regiments had come and were held about the city until suitably drilled and disciplined. As a consequence the avenues again were alive with uniforms, the hotels crowded, and many thrifty households were "coining" money taking boarders. Mention has been made of Dr. Chilton's sister, with whom they were again dwelling after their return from the summer seashore. Being only moderately well-to-do, and besieged with applications, she had yielded to pressure and let two of her rooms to officers sojourning in the city. Then one of these, ordered west, begged leave to present a successor, a major of a new regiment, who, being a "smart" lawyer, had been assigned to duty as a judge advocate of a court for the trial of officers of rank in the volunteers. When the squire wrote that McKinnon had been appointed major of a newly raised regiment and ordered with it to Annapolis, Fred Benton felt, so great was his antipathy, a vague sensation of annoyance and chagrin. Three weeks later when Col. Goff, of the ——teenth, came down to pay the Iron Brigade a two-days' visit, the young staff officer was confounded to hear that Maj. McKinnon had just found domicile under the same roof that shielded Dr. Chilton and the lady of his love. It meant mischief and Benton knew it.

One bleak December morning Benton had ridden with his general down the river bank on the Stafford side and sat watching the work of the engineers. The pontoon wagons were being run to the front, and many an officer and man looked at the heavy, ungainly boats and the long loads of balk and chess, then studied the distant line of heights across the stream, saying little but thinking much. Whoever sought to storm that crest had a precious job on hand, was an expurgation of the way in which the average veteran expressed his individual views.

And while seated in saddle, shivering in the wind blowing from the distant Chesapeake, and wishing the chief would quit his comments on the orders of the corps commander and trot home to dinner, Benton caught sight of a little column of cavalry riding dejectedly in from the far left flank. Horses jaded, men disgusted, and three or four prisoners in their wake looked worst of all. "Where d'ye s'pose those dam-fools have come from?" asked the general, cheerfully. "Captain," he cried, hailing the officer in command, "what you got there?"

The officer touched his cap, turned out of column, so as not to halt the methodical march, rode up toward the general and said: "Prisoners, sir, taken by one of our scouting parties a few miles down, and sent in by us, for most of these horses with me have to be shod."

By this time the greater part of the troop, in their ugly light blue overcoats, had plodded by, and the squad of prisoners came footing it wearily after. Foremost of these a tall, thin-faced, ungainly specimen, dressed in one of those self-same cavalry overcoats, glanced curiously at the general from under his broad-brimmed slouch hat; threw a look over the blue-nosed, watery-eyed pair of orderlies at his

"IMMEDIATE."

back, and then on Benton and a brother aide, sitting a few yards aside; then instantly a flash of recognition shot over his face, and he called aloud:

"There, captain. There's a gentleman who will vouch for what I say. Ask Capt. Benton."

It was our friend Jennings, he of the stone house and the Warrenton pike, and Jennings would not be denied. He plunged into a voluble story to the listening chief, despite the efforts of an Irish trooper to prod him forward.

"D'you know him?" asked the general, shortly, as he turned to Benton. "He says you do."

"I saw him once or twice, sir," was the guarded answer. "I do not know him further than that he held Gen. McDowell's pass and went in and out of our lines at will last summer."

"And I'm just as loyal as I was then," protested Jennings, "only they caught me down here trying to help some folks of mine that were sick and nigh starving——"

But the general shut him off impatiently. He was giving ear to the words of the captain, who had ridden closer.

"Col. Hammond ordered his arrest, sir, because of papers in his possession, showing he was mixed up in the aiding of Confederates—officers—across the Potomac. They got one of 'em too weak to ride. He's in that ambulance yonder," and the dragoon pointed to the yellow-painted vehicle coming bouncing among the ruts and ridges of the frozen roadway. A faint moan issued from beneath, the canvas cover as the driver reined up, and Benton, moved by compassion, urged his horse past the silent, passive column and peered in through the opening at the back. The next instant he was out of saddle, and the rear spring bent under his weight as he leaped upon the steps. Then they heard his voice in tones of mingled grief, joy and amaze: "Paul! Paul! Dear old boy, don't you know me?"

CHAPTER XXI.

BEARDING THE LION IN HIS DEN.

Over the useless slaughter of the field of Fredericksburg it were best to draw the veil. Far down at the left flank the old brigade groped its way through dripping fog and lay in line of battle, having little to do but wait orders, and catching only occasional shots from the southern guns along the heights. Old hands under fire, the veterans—officers and men—lay close and kept still. Their rifles could effect nothing against an enemy uphill and behind entrenchments. New hands, not yet used to battle, were not so quiet, and the gallant colonel of the great battalion of Wolverines, big almost as the rest of the brigade, thought it necessary to ride up and down his line, exhorting his men to steadiness in loud and powerful voice. "It lets 'em know I'm here," said he, to the expostulant commander of the next door regiment. "I see," said the latter, as a volley flashed down from Early's fellows along the crest, "and it also lets the enemy. Your men will be steadier without the telling," which reasoning the colonel pondered over and accepted. He and his thoroughbreds were spoiling for a chance to show their neighbors from the adjoining states that they were quite as valiant as the vaunted old brigade. "Give us half a chance," said he, "and then—you look out for the Wolverines."

But neither Fredericksburg nor Chancellorsville, nor Virginia, nor even Maryland afforded the longed-for opportunity. Not until the midsummer morning of the first day at Gettysburg did their time come, but when it came it proved a test the like of which had never been met before, even in that hard-fighting, hard-hammered command.

Meanwhile, what had not befallen other actors in our story—notably the Damon and Pythias of the ante-bellum days, Benton and Paul Ladue.

"Seems to have 'bout as many friends among the rebs as he has on our side of the line," had the division commander remarked of Benton, though in a moment of exaggerated biliousness, the day after the retreat from the southern shore. Fred's new general had come in for a rasping from the corps commander, because the leading brigade took the wrong road in the rain and darkness, and so delayed matters over an hour. It happened that Benton had guided the division to its first position on the field; that he had been sent to find Gen. Franklin; that when he returned with a message from the latter officer, the division was in motion, and the commander had ridden off to speak with Gibbon or somebody else, and Benton followed, of course, in search of his chief, instead of staying with the head of column. Finding himself rebuked, the general reprimanded Benton in the presence and hearing of officers and men. Benton's heart and temper being both sore and tried, he had replied with much spirit, if not subordination, to the effect that the message he was charged to deliver admitted of no delay; that if the general had been where he belonged there would have been no delay; and that sooner than submit to such injustice he would ask to be relieved from staff duty forthwith, and wrote that very night to his old friend and general, then a member of an important military tribunal at Washington, begging his advice and intervention, and telling him, of course, the story of poor Ladue.

But, being coupled with another, that story was now almost an old one at the capital, for thither had the poor lad been sent and Jennings with him; Paul looking, indeed, "more dead than alive," for a strange, eventful history had been his ever since the dreadful morning north of Sharpsburg that stretched him senseless in front of Gibbon's furious guns. "Killed," said Lamar and other officers who saw him borne away in a blanket. "Mortally wounded," said the hospital attendants who first ministered to him, back of the Dunker church, where reigned confusion inexpressible owing to the appalling number of those needing surgical aid. How he got there or beyond, Paul never knew until long thereafter. Tender-hearted Virginians had concealed him until he was well enough to move about. Odd as it may seem, the most practicable way for southern soldier to go from the Potomac to his own people was by way of the north. Through the kind Virginians, civilian clothing was bought for their interesting captive, and by mid November Paul was safely under the roof of a well-to-do and most active southern sympathizer in Baltimore.

These were details which Ladue could not reveal at the time. He had revived sufficiently to recognize Benton and to speak feebly a few moments; but that very night, in the fog and darkness, was begun the building of the bridges, the crossing of the left grand division, and Fred could only leave his poor friend with the surgeons and hasten back to his duty. Four days later, when he would have ridden to the hospital camp in search of him, it was too late. Urgent orders had come from Stanton himself, the great and growing war secretary, to send the prisoner patient thither as soon as he could be moved. Jennings had already gone under strong guard, and all Benton could learn at the moment was that there had been a break from prison camp; that, aided by residents of Baltimore and of Charles county, some confederate officers had escaped to the Potomac; and, while some of the party had succeeded in crossing, one boat had been fired on and swamped. Two of the officers had been captured, one being poor Paul, who had been nearly drowned, and was found in a fisherman's hut not far from Mathias Point. Two of the party were still at large. Arrests of suspected civilians had been made, both in Washington and Baltimore, and certain secret service officials had been summarily discharged by order of the secretary, as being unworthy to hold positions of such trust and responsibility.

"Stanton is a terror," said Fred's informant, a staff officer just from Washington. "God help the man that has to bump up against Stanton just now!"

It was now some 36 hours after Fred's serious difference with his division commander. He had sent an urgent appeal to his old general to be set free from further contact with these things he almost loathed. He looked for answer within the week, and, taking advantage of the permission, coldly accorded him by the chief of staff, to be absent over night, he had gone, heavy-hearted, to his old friends of the Iron Brigade, and sought at their hands the sympathy and consolation to be expected of men who had themselves felt that the official atmosphere was frigid where once it had been so fair. And it was here, on Thursday morning, while breakfasting with the genial commander of the Black Hats and listening to his philosophic advice to "take things coolly" and that "all would come right," he was surprised by the coming of a cavalry orderly, splashed with mud, who bore a missive addressed by the adjutant-general of the division and marked "Immediate." With a word of apology to Col. Fairchild and his officers, Benton tore it open, and two papers fell out. One read:

"Capt. Benton: Enclosed just received. The general says you better come this way where the necessary orders will meet you, and you can get what luggage you need. There will be steamers going all the evening.

"(Signed) BREWSTER, A. A. G."

The second was a telegram to the commanding general, —th division, —th corps, and bore the singular resemblance to one received on almost the same ground some seven months previous:

"Secretary of War desires to see Capt. Benton of your staff at once. Take first boat. Intermediate commanders notified. No delay.

"L. THOMAS, Adjutant-General."

(To Be Continued.)

THE TARIFF QUESTION.

If the Dingley Schedule Continues in Force American Workmen Will Suffer.

The interest in the reciprocity convention which is to meet in Chicago is increasing. It increases because various classes of producers are learning that it will not be long before their sales in European countries, with the exception of the united kingdom, which pays no attention to Mr. Chamberlain's entreaties to break away from free trade, will be greatly reduced unless their government shall do something to protect them, says the Chicago Tribune. Manufactures of sewing machines, typewriters, electrical machinery, shoes and leather, the growers of breadstuffs and fruits, and the cattle raisers are beginning to appreciate the effect of European high tariffs.

It took the threat of a loss of Chinese trade to open the eyes of certain American manufacturers to the improper treatment of Chinese merchants and students by government officials. The inevitable loss of a large portion of the valuable trade with Germany, unless the rigor of the tariff which is to go into operation next spring shall be mitigated, is having a powerful effect on all who are interested in the preservation of that trade.

Austria-Hungary is expected to put in operation soon a new tariff which will be prohibitory as regards a number of American products now consumed there. Switzerland has a new tariff whose maximum duties will be imposed on American goods. Thus one European country after another is adopting the policy of the exclusion of American goods unless the United States will make concessions to them by abating here and there the extreme exclusiveness of the Dingley tariff act—an act which, whatever its merits may have been when it was enacted, does not fit existing conditions.

It was announced the other day from Oyster Bay that President Roosevelt had decided to call an extraordinary session of congress on November 11. It is to be called, according to one statement, to act on "some anti-rebate and other railroad legislation, and also for the consideration of tariff conditions." The reciprocity conference of next month, if it be as large and representative as it bids fair to be will provide for congress data which will enable it to understand the need of action for the preservation of American trade. The conference will also enlighten congress as to the feeling of producers in all parts of the country on the subject.

"What we produce beyond our domestic consumption," said President McKinley, "must find a vent abroad." If that vent be not found domestic production will be curtailed. There will be less employment and wages will be forced down. If congress shall adopt "the policy of good will and friendly trade relations" advocated by President McKinley all will go well. If the Dingley tariff shall not be modified in any particular for anybody, that tariff enacted to protect American wage workers and other producers will inflict incalculable injury upon them instead of protecting them.

THE COST OF LIVING.

Prices Fixed by Trusts Constantly Growing Heavier on the People.

Trust high prices weigh heavily on those with limited incomes. The cost of living is still advancing, and is now about 1½ points above what it was at this time last year. Dun's index number for June was $98.759 and for a year ago it was $97.192. This shows that the trusts are still charging all the people can bear, and those whose wages do not advance in like proportion have to curtail expenses or spend any surplus they hitherto have been saving. July 1, 1897, Dun's index number was $72,455, so the increase in the price of necessaries of life has been nearly 40 per cent. The present tariff law was passed in 1897, and as the trust era at once began, it is proof that the trusts and combines have forced this great advance in price, and that the tariff law has fostered the trusts and makes it possible for them to extort this enormous increased profit from the American people. It is needless to inquire how much wages have advanced to meet this increased cost of living, for about everyone either is a wage earner or pays wages to some one else, each individual can answer that question better than anyone else can for him. There is no doubt that wages generally have advanced about 20 per cent., and in one or two industries where the workmen are specially well organized, wages may have advanced nearly as much as the cost of living.

The great question is how long can this strain of high prices be borne by that large class of people whose incomes are stationery, and who have no means of adding to what they receive. To them this era of trust high prices is equal to a great reduction of income, entailing large economy and even lack of the ordinary luxuries that the American people are used to and have become almost necessities to them.

Instead of amending the tariff to meet these conditions and thus reduce trust prices, the republican leaders are proposing to impose more internal revenue taxes to meet the deficit in the receipts of the treasury which the high tariff and extravagances has caused. In that case the price of those articles that the tax is put on will increase and the strain on those of limited incomes will be greater than ever.

Victory of Trusts.

Has the president run up the white flag before the assault of the stand-patters? All the prominent republicans that have had interviews with him lately say there will be no extra session unafter the state elections, and perhaps not then. The agents of the railroads and the protected trusts have all the time declared there would be no extra session of congress, and as they are both fighting for delay they must be considered as victors. An extra session after the middle of November would not count as the Thanksgiving and Christmas holidays will use up the time until January is well under way. The railroads and protected interests are certainly powerful with the administration through their stanch friends, the republican leaders.

Home Health Club

By DAVID H. REEDER, Ph. D., M. D. La Porte, Ind.

WEANING THE BABY.

Previous lessons on the subject of infant feeding have been designed to instruct the young mothers in the care of the baby, as far as feeding is concerned, from the time of birth up to the twelfth, or even the eighteenth month of its life, and, naturally, the next thing is to consider that of weaning.

The lessons so far have dealt almost exclusively with diet, the common diseases of infancy have been left for future consideration. The principal reason for not treating of the various sicknesses with which many babies are afflicted is that, if the dietetic rules laid down are intelligently followed, there will be so little trouble in other directions that instruction is almost superfluous.

According to the expression of the most successful mothers and nurses—and I prefer to base my teachings upon their knowledge rather than text-books—the time of weaning should be selected with reference to conditions. No matter what the age may be, it is unwise to wean a child during hot weather. It would be perfectly safe, and even advisable, to wean a baby at ten months rather than during the summer time at 12 or 15 months, although a number of things should be considered. Some babies develop more rapidly than others, and a hearty, robust child, with several teeth, and accustomed to eating other food, is more easily and safely weaned at ten than a puny, immature child at 18 months.

Most babies who are fairly well developed should be weaned between the twelfth and eighteenth month. One of the most certain indications for the time of weaning is the cutting of the eight incisor teeth, which should be completed at or near the end of the first year. Another very good reason why a child should not be nursed beyond this period is that the mother's milk deteriorates, and does not supply proper nutriment.

Simultaneously with the appearance of the incisor teeth the digestive organs become stronger, and the salivary secretions are more abundant, so that there is ability to dispose of more substantial food. I think, however, that milk should be the principle article of diet for a child for at least the first three years, although some mothers argue—and I am inclined to think, in some cases, correctly—that the appearance of the molar teeth is an indication that more solid food should be given.

One of the most important lessons of life should then be taught the little one, and if it is neglected a life time of suffering may follow; but if the lesson is well learned, good digestion and health will be the reward. Teach the baby to chew every morsel of food until it is thoroughly incorporated with the saliva, and begin to use a tiny toothbrush as soon as there are teeth to clean, and thus preserve them to old age.

By thorough mastication you will avoid that greedy clamoring for food, and the disgusting practice some children have of making the spoon fairly fly from the dish to the mouth—so rapidly that the food is swallowed without mastication. Gastric irritation follows, and then diarrhea.

As a general thing, this is a hard rule to enforce, especially if children are allowed to come to the table and partake of their meals with elder people; therefore, if it is possible to avoid it, they should never be permitted to sit at the table with their elders, unless the mother, or nurse, is willing to devote her time and attention almost wholly to the child's feeding, until its appetite is appeased. A thorough practice of this will not only prevent great annoyance, and disagreeable comments by guests, but will save many doctor's bills. Some may think I am too exacting in this regard, but I have seen many mothers, as they entertain their friends at dinner, chatting away, unconscious of the actions of their children. I have heard the little ones repeatedly ask for proper articles of food, and the mother would still talk, talk, and talk, finally saying, impatiently: "Baby, keep still!"

I cannot refrain from telling of a very dear little friend of mine—a beautiful little girl of six years, usually very patient and quiet. She sat very still in her place, waiting until all the rest were served, and, after receiving her portion, asked for the bread. The father and mother were both called "good entertainers" and were so busy talking that they paid no attention. She asked twice, three times, and then suddenly remembering having heard how the gardener enforced his demands, she brought her little fist down sharply on the table and shouted: "Gosh durn it, pass the bread!"

Could you blame her? No; blame the careless mother. Either be prepared to attend to the wants of the children and see that they eat properly, or feed them at a separate table.

The ease with which other foods can be substituted for the mother's milk varies in as great a degree as do the complexions and dispositions of different children. Some little ones take readily to the contents and use of a spoon or cup, and the change is made with scarcely any trouble, and very quickly, while others rebel against the innovation. Great care should be exercised in the selections of food for the child, and the time and manner in which it is administered. Sufficient has been said in previous lectures regarding the proper diet, and I would now only give a word of caution and advice concerning the minor points of the process of weaning.

Babies take so much comfort in nestling in mother's arms, that it is well to deny them the breast first at night, when they are so nearly asleep that they will hardly notice the difference. It is well to give them entirely into the charge of another person until they are accustomed to the change; then, during the day, gradually substitute the food which seems best to meet the child's requirements. A small portion of baked potatoes, mashed fine, and lightly salted, with cow's milk for drink, is, usually, the most acceptable and easily digested of any starchy food. But the little one must be watched closely, lest the heartier food disagrees with the not too strong stomach, which has previously known only the mother's milk.

Barley, gruel and a small portion of whole wheat foods may be given; while if it is desired to add a solid substance upon which the teeth may be exercised, grape nuts will be found perfectly safe, as this food contains all of the nutritive elements of the starchy foods; but, in the predigested form, the dextrine and grape sugar have been developed by continuous cooking under an intense and uniform heat. A little cream will make it very attractive to the little ones, and the result is very satisfactory.

If the baby is permitted to grow really hungry, being amused if it becomes restless and fretful, it can more easily be fed, than if only the first craving is satisfied while it is yet almost a matter of indifference whether it gets food or not. Patience and a careful guarding of the child's health, on the part of the mother or nurse, will carry the little one safely and easily through the weaning period, providing no extraneous circumstances interfere.

CLUB NOTES.

If the writer who signs himself "Bonnie" Washington, will write again giving correct name and address in full I will cheerfully answer the questions asked.

Iowa.—Dr. David H. Reeder, Laporte, Ind.—Dear Doctor: When a bad breath and a poor complexion indicate a deranged stomach, what is the best remedy? Is powdered charcoal a good stomach purifier? If so, how often and in what quantities should it be taken? Does it make any difference what kind of wood is used to produce it?—S. J. R. L.

Charcoal tablets made from willow are the best and are an excellent thing for such a complaint. Once tablet after each meal is sufficient. The cause of the difficulty, however, must be removed or a cure will not result. The bad breath may come entirely from catarrh or from bad teeth. Write again giving a more detailed description of your case and I will be able to advise you more fully as to the cause of your trouble.

All readers of this paper are at liberty to inquire for any information pertaining to the subject of health. All communications should be addressed to Dr. David H. Reeder, Laporte, Ind., and should contain name and address in full and at least four cents in postage.

THE GROWTH OF LONDON.

Not Very Different from That of Many of Our American Cities.

The suburban builder has certain fixed and resolute notions. To begin with, says the London Spectator, he greatly dislikes a tree. A well-grown tree is too large for him; so long as it is left standing it makes it impossible for him to utilize every square inch of the ground he has acquired on which to build houses. His first step, therefore, in dealing with the large pieces of ground which come into the market from time to time in a growing neighborhood, and which originally formed the park or woods of what was once a single country estate, is to cut down the trees. The older and grander trees perhaps cannot be removed merely with an ax and a spade; these he just blasts out of the ground.

Next, everything must be like everything else. All the roads must be of the same width and run in uniform directions; each house must resemble its neighbor as far as possible, except that here is a certain latitude allowed in the pattern picked out in yellow bricks on the background of red; or there may be several different styles in white wooden balconies. Each garden, again, must measure so much by so much; there must be so many feet in front of the house and so many behind; and after the garden is measured out, it has to be inclosed with a wooden fence, of which the black kind is the worst. One by one the square black boardings announcing that "this eligible residence is to be let or sold" disappear as the newly married city clerk and his bride come into occupation; scarcely a year has gone by since the first brickload was driven into the corner of the hay field, and another hideous addition has been made to the London suburbs.

said the Right Thing.

Mother—Why did you let him kiss you?

Edith—Well, he was so nice about it. He asked—

"The idea. Haven't I told you you must learn to say 'No?'"

"That's what I did say. He asked me if I'd be very angry if he kissed me."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Brazil Nuts.

Brazil nuts are really seeds that lie in large spherical pods, each of which contains from 16 to 24 nuts. So skillfully does nature pack them that, once they have been taken out of the pod it is utterly impossible to fit them in again.

TASK FOR THE SPACE WRITER

(Copyright, 1905.)

Editor — Did you see that big wreck on your way to the office, Mr. Inkthrow?

Mr. Inkthrow (Reporter)— Yes, sir. The scene simply defies description.

Editor—Write a three-column description of it.

SCIENCE SIFTINGS.

Prof. Reickenbach is said to have proven that 30 persons in 100 can see, in the dark, colored rays from the human body and flashes from a magnet.

The "flicker" sometimes noticed in lightning proves to be due to the fact that several flashes—sometimes five or six—follow one path too rapidly to be separated by the eye. The trails shown in photography of very bright flashes are caused by incandescence produced in the air for a very brief period.

A new product of the electric furnace has been introduced in France under the designation calstonite. It is a double carbide of barium and calcium, produced by M. J. Cartier, an electro-metallurgist of Mancioux, which decomposes on contact with water, like calcium carbide.

A stereoscopic star chart is the successful novelty of T. E. Heath, the English astronomer. The stars in a given section of the heavens are drawn from two points of view that are supposed to be 26 years apart, and under a large stereoscope the double view gives a rough but very instructive impression of the stars floating in space at an approximation to their relative distances, instead of as points against the dark background of the sky. The result is a most interesting one.

Electric waves and sensitive receivers offer a means of performing a variety of operations at a distance. Prof. E. D. Branly has been trying to attain such results, and has shown the Paris academy an apparatus by which he can start an electric motor, cause incandescent lamps to glow, and cause an explosion. These effects may be produced or discontinued in any desired order, one after another. They were chosen arbitrarily for experiment, and it is possible to bring about at a distance other mechanical action or series of actions, or to work a complicated machine.

HISTORICAL BITS.

Cromwell is said to have originated the board of trade idea.

Sugar, when first introduced into England, was only used for the purpose of making medicines more palatable.

Wire drawing was invented by Rudolph of Nuremburg in the early part of the fifteenth century. Wire was first made in England in 1663.

Bombs, it is said, were first thrown March 24, 1580, on the town of Wachtendenck, in Guelderland. The historian Hone says "the invention is commonly attributed to Gaalen, bishop of Muenster."

In 1592, in England, butchers were compelled by law to sell their beef for a half penny a pound and mutton for three farthings. The butchers of London sold penny pieces of beef for the relief of the poor, every piece two pounds and a half, sometimes three pounds for a penny.

Too Old-Fashioned.

Struggling Author—You say my book won't do?

Publisher—No, sir. It's too old-fashioned.

Struggling Author—How 'old-fashioned'?

Publisher—Your plot is a plot, your characters have characteristics, and when they talk they say something.—N. Y. Weekly.